

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

ENGLISH NATION.

Tuesday, July 2. 1706.

Since I wrote the *Review* upon the Concurrence of Circumstances, to convince Mankind of the secret Influence of a supernatural Agent; methinks this Discourse seems anticipated by such a Flux of Wonders, that it must be prodigious Hardness, and the Men, that attempt it, must declare War against their own Understandings, when they go about to lessen the invisible Agency of supernatural Operations.

Let any Man look back with me to the Beginning of this Month, and view the Stream of Successes, the Turn of the Current of Affairs since but the Entrance of the Month of May, that from the first Day of it, has been a Month of Prodigy, and most unaccountable amazing Circumstances.

Let any Man but ask, what have the Confederates done; or some miraculous Power rather done for them; we see, the very first Day blest'd with the Relief of *Barcelona*, and the Flight of the *French* Army. 'Tis a thing the World has had but very few Instances of; that ever the *French* fate down before a Town, and did not take it; the taking *Vercell* and *Verme* in *Piedmont* are eminent Instances of their Skill in Sieges, and Vigour in prosecuting them; but to be driven from a Town with such Circumstances, to leave behind them 170 Pieces of Brass Cannon, 3000 Barrels of Powder, 10000 Sacks of Meal, and 1500 of their sick and wounded Men; this is an Example the *French* Affairs were never, that I read of, flurr'd with before.

But

But to go on, for I shall come to this again; the Beginning of this very Month furnish'd us with the unexpected March of the *Portuguese*, which had my Lord *Galloway* had in their Head but 15000 stout *English* Women, such as I have heard of in or about *Kingwood* by *Bristol*, he would most infallibly have march'd to *Madrid*, and have seiz'd on the whole Kingdom of *Spain*, but of this also by it self.

But to finish this Month, we come next to the Battle of *Ramellies*, or as some will have it, the Battle of *Fudoigne*; I need not repeat the particulars, nor look back to the Action it self, it has been follow'd with such a Chain of Prodigy, that this may well pass for a Month of Wonders; things, that had we been left to judge, to talk by Probabilities; nay, had we been put to wish, we should hardly have had Arrogance enough to have pretended, to desire so much to fall out in so few days; we should rather have agreed it to be impossible, and consequently impertinent to talk of it.

To see an Army so brave, of such old Troops, so numerous, so well prepar'd, so broken, so ruin'd, so entirely overthrown; that of 50000 Men, they can hardly give an Account of 15000; that in less than 10 days, 10 large Towns or Cities, with above 50 Battalions of the *Spanish* Troops, 10000 Deserters, and almost the whole Provinces of *Brabant* and *Flanders*, should fall into our Hands.

Posterity must believe, we dream'r, when we wrote these things; and that they are all Impossibilities; it cannot be reconcil'd to common Measures, nothing but a supream Hand could bring such things as these to pass.

Is the Consternation of the Enemy inexpressible? Well may it be so; for we are amaz'd and confounded in our Thought our selves, and which way to turn, we know not: Hourly Surprizes fill our Streets, we have had nothing but Bonfires, Bells, Guns, and Rejoycings, for I know not how long!

Well, Gentlemen, is all this from meer blind Chance, was it a meer Accident; that the *French* Army with the Sun in their Ensigns suffered that most remarka-

ble Eclipse of their National Glory at *Barricelons*, the very day when the Sun of Heaven, which they give as their Emblem, was totally eclips'd in their View, and darken'd their very March as well as their Glory?

Why must it be that very Day, that they must rise from their Enterprize, forc'd to such a Necessity, that they could not sit still there to the next? Is there nothing in concurring Circumstances to point out an invisible Influence, and secret Direction? If there is nothing supernatural in these things, there's something very pleasant to observe, there's something very instructing and very diverting.

I place no Extraordinaries upon Days and Hours, Eclipses and Parallels; but I cannot believe, but they are sometimes directed; and I could give such a Train of clashing Hours, concurring Minutes, and the Harmony of Circumstances, both as to Time, Place, and Action, as would make a very pleasing and diverting Account to any body that is curious in these Observations.

I have collected these Coherences back to the Beginning of the Reformation in *England*, and could fill 2 or 3 of these Papers with out a few of them; but 'tis foreign to the purpose, the present Case fills us with just Acknowledgments of the remarkable Circumstance, as to Time.

The first Eclipse of the *French* Glory at a Time, and in a place when and where, the direct Position of the Sun's Eclipse made it most compleat; the 13th of May their *Stile*, the *French* were retreating and flying from the *English* Arms, and the Fury of the *Miquelets*, and in the utmost Distress in *Catalognia*; the 13th of May, our *Stile*, they were flying from the victorious Duke of *Marlborough*, in the fatal Battle of *Ramellies*: On *May-day*, their *Stile*, they rais'd the Siege; on *May-day*, our *Stile*, our *Fleets* join'd that carried the Succours; the first News of this Deliverance came to the QUEEN, while her Majesty was giving Thanks to the Giver of Victories, for the great and glorious Overthrow of the *French* at *Ramellies*; just so the Fight between Sir *George Rooke*, and the *French* Fleet in the Streets,

Streights, was acting the very Hours her Majesty was on her Procession to *Paul's*, and giving Thanks there for the Victory at *Hofsted*.

The Revolution in the late Reigns was full of Critical Connections of Time, and 'twould be endless to recount them; as that the King landed to deliver this Nation from Popish and Tyrannical Enemies, the same Day they were making Bonfires for the former Deliverance of the Gun-powder Treason; that the Year 1688, was our Deliverance from Popish Invasions at home, just a Century of years from the Popish Invasion from abroad.

That the very Day King *James* stepped into the Throne, contrary to the establish'd and fundamental Constitution of *England*, Vote of Parliament, *January 18, 1688*, the same individual Day, *Viz. 6. Feb.* he was voted, abdicated in the House of Lords, and the Prince of *Orange* plac'd on the Throne; that he should afterwards be three times defeated, at the *Boyne* the 1st of *July* at *11. Hogue*, the 19th of *May*, and in the *Peace of Ryswick* the ——— on remarkable Days, I care not to name; and that at last that unhappy Prince should end his Life the 3^d of *September*, the same Day the City of *London* was burning, is yet as fatally coherent with these Observations, as any thing I can set down.

But I wave these Observations, and come to the main thing before me; why must the Fate of *Barcelona* meet with so many Junctures of happy Circumstances? Why the Fleets, one from *Lisbon*, two at several times from *Portsmouth*, one from *Ireland*, meet all to a Nicety of Time, and jump to the Deliverance of this Town, almost to a Crisis of a day? Can any Human Councils direct their Affairs to the Circumstance of 3 Days, at the Distance of above 1500 Miles, to time things for the Support of a Cause, and the Relief of their Friends, as it were without the least Mis-carriage?

Our Ministry are but Men, they command no Powers above the Conduet of common Consequences, and are with all their Dependents subjected to the Casualties and Contingencies of Nature; they

have no Directions of Winds, Tides, Times, or Seasons, why were none of these Circumstances retrograde to the Conjunction, the least of which had blown up the Design, and ruin'd the whole Enterprize?

Could any one here determine, what the Day should be, *Barcelona* should want Relief? Could they form an exact Circle of Circumstances, and tell us they should all center at *Barcelona* to a Day; and that the Town should just hold out, and the Fleets just have Wind and Weather to meet to the very Time of Deliverance? Could *Sir John Leake* say, I'll be at the Bay of *Altea* by the 1st of *May*; and *Commodore Price* say, I'll meet you at *Gibraltar* the 19th of *April*? Could *Sir George Bing* say from *Portsmouth*, and I'll have an Easterly Wind shall bring me up to you by the same 1st of *May*; and *Commodore Walker* say, I'll overtake you within three Days?

Really, Gentlemen, you that can look neither up nor down for these things, are strangely short-sighted — This can never be human Direction, it must certainly come from God, or Devil; choose you whether; you must give it to one of them, and the Necessity is remarkable.

I know, you are very unwilling to give any thing to your Maker; and this causing *Refusal*, the Review, as a learned Gentleman was pleas'd to call me on the Subject of this *Hint*, leaves you to your Choice, if you will not have it be, that a supreme Being directs these things, give the Honour to your own black Master, and sacrifice the Triumphs of Men to his Infernal Godship; for 'tis impossible, Chance, Fortune, human Wisdom, or any thing that has no Eyes, can bring these things to pass.

Whether the dark Prince of the Air has any Influence or Agency on the Affairs of Men, to determine Events or no, lies on these Gentlemen, to prove for me: I must be inform'd, whence he has his Power, before I believe it concern'd; and if he has any, how he comes to exert it against the *French Government*; who, I believe, have done as little to disoblige him, as any Nation in *Europe*.